(No. XXX.)

THE PASTIME.

SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1808.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SAPPHO,

The Grecian Poetess.

When we consider with what glory, and through how many ages, the name of Sappho has been transmitted, we cannot help regretting that of the multifarious productions of this illustrious woman, so few remain. The Greeks named her THE TENTH MUSE. The celebrated writers of antiquity, have never spoken of her but with transport. Longinus himself, a stern and impartial critick, does not hesitate to declare her the most perfect model of her kind.

It is easy to divine in what sort of writing she must excel. Endowed with feelings the most lively and glowing, nature had not left her the liberty to choose. She painted what she felt so well, the tenderness and the transports of love. She bore the destiny of the great—the persecutions of envy. She suffered that, too, of hearts truly tender—she was abandoned, betrayed, and unhappy.

This woman, astonishing not less by her talents, than by her character, was born at Mytilene, the capital of Lesbos. She lived about six hundred years before the Christian era. Scamandronymus was her father's name; her mother's, Cleis. She had three brothers, Larychus, whom she celebrates in her verses; Eurigius, of whom she says nothing; and Chararus, in whom she reproaches an ardent passion for Rhodope, the courtezan that caused a pyramid to be built with riches amassed by the extravagance of her lovers.

Sappho was brunette: of a middling stature: it appears even that she was not regularly beautiful. Her greatest eulogists grant this. We may judge, too, from ancient stories that represent her. The fervour of her soul could not but picture itself in her looks, impressing on every feature a character of passion and energy, surpassing even beauty itself.

Love, was the sole sentiment which inspired her heart and writings. Married, while yet almost in her infancy, to Cercula, one of the richest inhabitants of the Isle of Andres, she had a child called Cleis, from the name of its grandmother. A speedy widowhood restored her to the dangers of a novel state, which her extreme youth, her love of liberty, and perhaps her inclination, prevented her from fearing.

Her writings, and her example allured the youthful of her sex to pleasure, and emboldened them to dispute with men the palm of talents. Her fame spread rapidly: envy itself could not arrest its course. The most illustrious women of Greece were her disciples: at Miletus, Anaxagora; at Colophon, Gongira; at Salamis, Eunice; at Lesbos, Damophila; in Locris, Thelepile, and the young Erinna, who was, perhaps, her equal. How many beauties gloried in being known her friends! What a crowd of adorers encircled her! Archilochus, Hipponax, and Alceus, the three most distinguished poets of the age, were in her train. Thus pleasantly glided away the days of Sappho, honored by the homage of both sexes, and enjoying the double pleasure of ruling them at once, by love and admiration.

Can we believe that her first persecutor was a man? Why is it that female writers know no jealousy among themselves, while men are inflexible in persecuting each other? Are men in truth more base, or are women more naturally impelled to write, when the glory and interest of their sex require it?

The first misfortune of Sappho, was to charm too much the three poets that I have already named. Atheneus does not inform us, whether one of the three was preferred; but their cruel and despicable satires prove that neither of them merited the distinction. Alceus, above all, signalized his jealousy, and excelled his rivals, in raving against his mistress Alceus was a leading citizen in the republic, a warrior, and chief of a most powerful faction. Born at Mytilene, he could boast of a rival and compatriot in Sappho. She called him the Chanter of Lesbos: but though as a poet she admired him, she could not prefer the sweet verses of a man of sixty, to youth, beauty, and vigor. Alceus murmured. Though he had once eulogised the heart and talents of his mistress, he did not hesitate to revile her works and conduct. In justice to the Mytelians we must add, that they at once discountenanced Alceus, and defended the glory of Sappho.

The youthful Phaon then appeared at Mytilene; he was the most comely of the Lesbians; he drew all eyes upon him, and won all hearts. Sappho had the dangerous happiness to be preferred. Alceus, more enraged by this, spread new satires against her, and the ladies of Mytilene, becoming, I know not why, more credulous, listened to the charges of Alceus. All united to defame, and even her best friends betrayed her. The young Damophila, one of her dearest disciples, struck the severest blow of all. He enticed Phaon, by artifice, to doubt the fidelity of his mistress, and from that doubt, to the resolutions of abandoning her without leaving Mytilene.

Sappho now seemed more admirable than ever. Not a sigh escaped her lacerated heart. Her verses each day recalled the ungrateful Phaon, but with the impassioned aspirations of a heart

that believed itself yet too happy in the feelings that made it suffer. Not a syllable did she breathe against the criminal, not the shadow of a plaint against her enemies, not even Damophila herself excepted. Phaon's self love impelled him to return. He was pleased to hear his name echoed through all Greece, immortalized in those brilliant effusions of tenderness and poetry, which he deserved not to have inspired.

Even the return of Phaon was but matter of new torment to the wretched Sappho. He abandoned her a second time. The eloquent picture of her despair at this crisis, animates the most touching of Ovid's Heroides.

Let us figure to ourselves this woman, in the midst of fellow citizens whom she honors, become the object of public detestation and contempt, wearied in pursuing with the most impassioned letters, an ingrate, who sported with her tears;—let us imagine Sappho, coming even to Sicily to throw herself at the feet of a youth, who repels her with disdain.

This latter stroke compleated the measure of her despair. She resolved to sacrifice herself to love. She repaired to the summit of a promontary projecting over the sea. It was thence, after fixing her eyes for a moment on the waves less agitated than herself, she plunged in their abyss, leaving an immortal memorial of her talents and misfortunes. Thus was the rock of Leucate ennobled, which, even at this distant time, we cannot remember without emotion, for it reminds us of the name, and of the death of Sappho.

For the Pastime.

ROSES.

Translated from the French.

Roses, of old, were without odour. Love, flying one day too low touched a rose bush, and a thorn grazed his feet. Some drops of blood flowed from the wound, and falling on the leaves of a rose, tinged it with the most beautiful carnation. All roses received the same colour, to recall for ever that the stem of a rose bush had wounded Love.

Love flew into the breast of his mother, weeping. A sweet warmth soon calmed the thrilling of his wound. He forgot the evil in the remedy; and it was so sweet, that Love wished often to be wounded thus.

He darted forth into the air; and seeing that the roses bore nothing but the stamp of his affliction, he gave them, intoxicated with the pleasure which had healed it, a sweet and delicious odour, to testify to those who might cull the roses, that the pains of love always end in being sweet.

EPISTOLARY.

COPY OF A LETTER,

From Dr. B. Franklin to Miss ———, on the death of a favorite North American squirrel, which he had given her.

London, Sept. 25, 1772.

DEAR FRIEND,

I lament with you most sincerely, the unfortunate end of poor Mungo. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled *far*, and seen much of the world.

As he had the honor of being, for his virtues, your favourite, he should not go, like common Skugs, without an elegy or an epitaph.—Let us give him one, in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is, perhaps the properest for grief; since, to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and so make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

Alas! poor Mungo!
Happy wert thou hadst thou known
Thine own felicity!
Remote from the fierce bald eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst not to fear from his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
Grimalkin never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hand
Of an indulgent mistress:
But, discontented, thou would'st have more freedom.
Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it,
And wandering,
Fell by the merciless fangs
Of wanton, cruel *Ranger*.
Learn hence, ye who blindly wish more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels, or daughters,
That *apparent* restraint may be *real* protection,
Yielding peace, plenty, and security.

You see how much more decent and proper this broken style interrupted as it were with sighs, is for the occasion, than if one were to say, by way of epitaph,

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug,

And yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of so little feeling, as to think that would be a good-enough epitaph for poor Mungo.

If you wish it, I shall procure another to succeed him.

B. FRANKLIN.

Historical.

HISTORIC SKETCH OF THE PRINCESS MARIA THERESA,

Extracted from Wraxall's Memoirs.

Never did any Princess ascend a throne under circumstances of greater peril, or which demanded more fortitude, energy, and personal resolution. Surrounded with enemies, destitute of allies, and attacked by the most powerful adversaries; it was long doubtful whether she would not be buried under the ruins of the House of Austria. While Frederic, King of Prussia, unexpectedly marched into Silesia, the French and Bavarians appeared at the gates of Vienna. It is difficult to imagine a more interesting object, than the representative and heiress of so many Emperors, contending for the vast succession devolved to her, and finding resources in the firmness of her own character. Even the circumstances of her sex, youth, beauty, and misfortunes, contributed to increase the general interest taken in her fate. Driven from her capital, she retired into Hungary, where, from the loyalty of a martial and generous people, she derived the most solid, as well as effectual support. It was then she made the celebrated harangue commemorated by Voltaire, which operated so powerfully on the hearts of her audience, and which is still remembered here with enthusiastic pleasure.

I have conversed with many persons of the highest quality, who were present on that occasion: I never saw any who could mention it without emotion; and all agree in asserting, that the scene was the most touching to be conceived. It was not the cold disclosure of political or pecuniary embarrassments, formally made by a sovereign from the throne, and followed by the demand of supplies for carrying on a war. It was the supplication of a young and beautiful woman in distress, who, as her last refuge, threw herself on the affections of a nation that had experienced from her ancestors, and even from her immediate predecessors, the severest treatment. Hungary, under Leopold and Joseph, presented a frightful picture of perpetual insurrections, as perpetually repressed by executions, and by the utmost severity of vindictive despotism. Count Koller, who is himself a Hungarian, and who then represented one of the first officers of state, has frequently related to me every circumstance that attended Maria Theresa's harangue. His own words will convey the most lively, as well as the most faithful picture of a scene, than which antiquity furnishes nothing more sublime and affecting. In the hands of Livy or of Tacitus, how beautiful would have been its effect, and how wide its operation, increased by the lapse of time, which magnifies every object!

"While the Hungarian Diet," said Count Koller, "which had been convoked at Presburg, was occupied in preparing for the defence of the kingdom and of the young queen, we received a message from her majesty, summoning us to attend her at the castle. We immediately obeyed; and when we were met in the great hall, the queen entered. She was in deep mourning, the year not being quite expired since the decease of Charles the Sixth her father. A profound and awful silence of some moments ensued; her majesty being in distress, which she could not conceal, and which incapacitated her from uttering a single word. During this time her infant son, the present emperor, was brought in by the first lady of the bedchamber, and laid on a cushion before her. With an action more eloquent than any oration, she took him in her arms, held him up to the assemby, and while sobs interrupted her voice, she addressed the Diet in Latin, as is customary; a language which she speaks, as well as understands perfectly. When she came

to the words, 'Agitur de Regno Hungariæ, de persona nostra, prolibus nostris, et corona! Ab omnibus derelicti, unice ad inclytorum statuum fidelitatem, arma, et Hungarorum priscam virtutem confugimus*;' we all, as if animated by one soul, drew our sabres, exclaiming unanimously, 'Vitam et sanguinem pro majestate vestra†!' We wept, as did the queen, aloud; but they were tears of affection and of indignation. In a few minutes afterwards we withdrew, in order to pursue the measures necessary for securing the Hungarian and Austrian dominions, at such a moment of public danger and distress. The emperor Francis was not present; but he remained in a room adjoining, from which he could distinctly hear every thing that took place. From the beginning to the close, this celebrated scene, which has furnished so much matter for history, hardly lasted more than twelve or fifteen minutes."

* "*The kingdom of Hungary, our person, our offspring, and our crown, are at stake! Abandoned by all, we fly to the fidelity, the arms, and the pristine virtue of the famous Hungarian states.*"

† "*Our lives and our blood for your Majesty;*"

FINE ARTS.

Wood's Miniature of Cooper.

Mr. Wood, a distinguished artist of New-York, has painted a miniature of Mr. Cooper. The expression of the face is astonishingly fine: it is one of Cooper's most animated looks; somewhat stern; the mouth half open, the teeth clenched, the brow knit; the head askance and inclining back, with the neck uncovered.

This splendid effort alone entitles its author to immortality. In saying this, we speak not solely our own opinion: we echo the sentiments of persons of taste and connoisseurs.

The value of SUCH A PICTURE of this GREAT ACTOR, cannot, at this time, be duly estimated. That voice of eloquence must be mute, that form must crumble into dust, before this picture can be valued as it deserves to be. Then, like HOGARTH'S GARRICK, it will remain, a living memorial of the actor, and an illustrious monument of the painter's art.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Port Folio, a literary journal of distinguished and notorious merit, we transcribe the manly and vigorous appeal which follows. Almost every number of the Port Folio, testifies to the truth of Mr. Dennie's assertion. The brilliant works of the editor cannot be mistaken by ordinary penetration. Such writings are princely gems and challenge a place in Fame's diadem.

With mingled regret and indignation, the Editor has been recently apprized, from authentick authority in the North, that a report has been industriously propagated, and generally believed, which induced many to assert, as a sort of axiom, that the property of The Port Folio had passed into other hands, and that for more than two years, the Editor

had merely lent his name to assist the sale of that work. This rumour, false as well as injurious, must be instantly quelled, as dishonorable to the Editor's character, and pernicious to his property. He is the sole proprietor of this paper, of which, for years, he has had the absolute direction, and, if any emoluments arise from the subscription, the property is exclusively his. It is absolutely necessary to make this statement, because it is understood, *that* MANY *who would willingly patronize the work, have withheld their names, from a persuasion that they were only advancing the interest of some venal mechanick, who walked abroad with a vizor mask, disgracefully borrowed from the Editor.* It is presumed that to the men of honour and cavaliers among his subscribers, to the *real* friends of his paper and his party, and to those who have hourly opportunities of surveying his actions, and scrutinizing their motives, it is superfluous to declare from education, temper and habit, he is utterly incapable of an imposture so venal and flagitious. This for his friends. With respect to his foes, the fanatics, the propagators of this story, however they may persevere in the malignancy of their designs, or the audacity of their assertions, proofs shall be given, as long as The Port Folio is published, that the Editor is deeply interested in the work, that he writes habitually in that Journal, and that if for no other purpose, he considers that paper his property, as affording him the means of ridiculing Absurdity, of chastising Faction, and of branding Hypocrisy.

It does not become the Editor, to dilate on the character of this Journal, or to court favour by the speciousness of profession, or the magnificence of promise. His labour has for many years been before the publick, and if he has been censured by fanatick folly and party prejudice, he has been applauded and encouraged by the most venerable of his friends, and by a NESBIT, a CIFFORD and a REEVES; by a FATHER —by a politician, a poet, and a divine. This is consolatory. In any fortune he will remember this and be comforted. In any fortune he will remember this, AND GO ON, without the *smallest compliance* with the *vagaries* of the *multitude*, and without THE LEAST CHANGE, OR SHADOW OF TURNING. So far from the remotest intention of relinquishing this Journal, or making it an object of sale and barter, he will continue to publish it upon THE MOST INDEPENDENT PRINCIPLES, while that POWER, who, at least has given him spirit, graciously indulges him with the use of his eyes, however dim,or his hand however unskilful.

Just published in New-York, Memoirs of William Sampson; including particulars of his adventures in various parts of Europe: his confinement in the dungeons of the inquisition in Lisbon, &c. &c: several original letters; being his correspondence with the ministers of state in Great Britain and Portugal :) a short sketch of the history of Ireland, particularly as it respects the spirit of British domination in that country, and a few observations on the state of manners, &c. in America.

This work, judging from a cursory perusal, is written in a vigorous and manly style, abounding with interesting narrative. The sufferings of the Irish during the late rebellion are very affectingly described. The remarks upon American manners are complimentary, and correct; and the letter to lord Spencer, concerning this country, is written in the true spririt of elegant irony.

Literary Intelligence.

Isaiah Thomas, jun. Worcester, has now in press; Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, in two volumes: The complete works of president Edwards of Princeton College, in 8 octavo volumes, on an entire new type and fine wove paper: Whiston's genuine works of Josephus, the Jewish warrior and historian, in 3 8vo volumes, from the last Edinburgh edition printed in 1802: and Schrevelii's Greek Lexicon.

The Albany Crisis, was transferred on the 1st January, 1808, to Mr. Harry Croswell, who will in future divide his time between Albany and Hudson.

Messrs. Etheridge and Bliss, Boston, have just published vol. 1 of the Lady's Cabinet of Polite Literature, containing a selection of the most delicate and refined airs, songs, and poems; being the commencement of a course of volumes entirely calculated to embellish the fancy, cultivate the taste, and improve the heart.

The New-York People's Friend was transferred on the 1st of January, 1808, to 'L'Oracle, L' Echo du Jour,' and Daily Advertiser, directed by Mr. Negrin, and intended to facilitate the acquisition of French to the English, and English to the French, by presenting the occurrences of the day in both languages. The Oracle is supported by an association of men of letters wholly attached to the American constitution, and amateurs of both languages. The members associate for five years, and engage to furnish the paper with original essays, one third writing on commerce, one on politics, and the other on literature. The political essays to be confined to no particular party. In order to secure a capital of $5,000 to the establishment, each member pays $25 on entering the Oracle society, for which he receives one paper for five years, and pays half price for his advertisements. The price of the paper to ordinary subscribers not belonging so the association eight dollars, if they choose to advance the money, and nine if they pay at the year's end.

We have read the first number of the Oracle, and though a first number is never a fair specimen, this seems to promise something respectable.

Just published, Thoughts on the present dispute between Great Britain and America, by Thomas Green Fesenden.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FROM SALVO'S TRAVELS.

I could not help enquiring after the husbands of some of the ladies at Wilna [in Poland;] and was answered, that they generally lived at their estates, or in other cities. It was natural to infer, that the sole object of matrimony was merely that of pre-

serving the inheritance in the family. When once the heir is born, the husband and wife live separate; and to render this perfectly unobjectionable, the lady is allowed the exclusive enjoyment of all her property. This convention is so strictly adhered to, that at the house of a countess, where I had frequently dined, the husband, on coming occasionally, actually paid for his board and lodging there.—Page 220. Troy edition.

On the 14th of December a meteor passed over a part of this state and of Connecticut. It exploded near Greenfield, ejecting several masses of a stony substance, one of which weighed thirty pounds. Considerable quantities of this substance have been collected; and a mass sent to Yale College.

Dr. Franklin's legacy of *one thousand pounds* sterling, 4444 dollars 44 cents, left to the city of Philadelphia, to be loaned in small sums to young mechanics, at 5 per cent, had increased, Dec. 31, 1806, to 7911 dollars, 95 cents. The same sum, left for similar purposes to the town of Boston, amounted, on the 22d of Dec. 1807, to 8386 dollars, and has been found very beneficial in its operation.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Albany, Friday morning, Jan. 9, the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM LINN, a pious divine; an accomplished scholar; an impressive orator; and an honest man.

We should be pleased to receive, from some one possessing the requisite materials, a sketch of the life and character of the deceased. It is a tribute of respect which we wish to pay, to his private excellence, and public worth.

LOCAL.

Grammar School Exhibition.

Yesterday afternoon the Students of the Grammar School exhibited the tragedy of Abællino, and the afterpiece of the Agreeable Surprise. Preceding the play, Masters Stafford, Ponty Lemoine, North, and Hubbell, delivered English, French, Latin and Greek "Salutatories," as they are called in the bills, and an epilogue to the play was spoken by Master Low. There must have been some error in calling these *Salutatories*, for, if we mistake not, one of these same *Salutatories* is to be found in Virgil, and another in the *Philippics* of *Demosthenes*, with the alteration of *Athenaioi*, to *Schenectadaioi*. We should not conceive that the audience would relish being *saluted* with a *philippic*. The four young Gentlemen *Salutators* acquitted themselves very honorably, especially Masters Hubbell and Ponty Lemoine.

Local.

Of the tragedy we must speak charitably, for a more difficult play, or one less calculatsd for college representation, could not have been selected. Yet the performers struggled through every disadvantage, and acquitted themselves with respectable success. Mr. Blain exerted himself in Abællino. We wish, however, that he would correct a graceless habit of bending his knees at every emphatic word. "Abællino *bends* to no man." The others went through their parts very handsomely. Mr. Bettys in Memmo, Mr. Foote in Contarino, and Mr. Santvoord in Dandoli, deserve especial commendation.

We cannot help censuring the dresses of *old* Canari and Dandoli. White dimity suits, bedecked all over with tinsel trappings, do not comport with the gravity and sedateness of age.

Master Low's Epilogue was witty and appropriate, and performed with much taste and judgement.

The *Agreeable Surprise* went off merrily. Mr. Fairlie's *Lingo* would not have disgraced the best Theatre in America. We were much pleased with the acting of Messrs. Livingston, Scovell, Miller and Thorn.

Abællino derives the greater part of its attraction from the extrinsic aid of dresses, scenery, and what actors call "stage effect." This alone should have prevented its adoption on this occasion. The dignity of tragedy cannot be supported on our stage; and especially the dignity of such tragedies as these. The alarm of fire happened very opportunely; for the audience were somewhat stupified with the *tragedy*, and this effectually roused them from their *torpor*.

Philomathean Society.

Last evening, succeeding the exhibition of the Grammar School, the Philomathean Society celebrated their thirteenth aniversary. The performances were highly honorable to that respectable association, and to the members severally, who took part in them. We have neither time nor room to descant particularly upon the exercises. We regret this the more, because many of the actors deserve the most distinct praise.

We cannot imagine a more faithful representative of the noble, generous and manly George Howard, than Mr. Per Lee. Like praise is due to Mr. Samuel Nott as Merton, and Mr. Cady as Sidney. Mr. Reynolds, in both the play and farce, acted with excellent discrimination; Mr. Lansing deserves very honorable notice; Mr. Clark's Woodland was admirably personated; and Mess. Scovell and De Witt, played Consols and Jeffries, with much taste and judgement.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

ELEGY

By the late W. M. Johnson, M. D.

Among the grass supinely laid,
  This plaintive strain LEANDER sung,
Beneath a willow's waving shade,
While list'ning Cupids from the branches hung.

E'er beauty touch'd my tender mind,
  The tender hours so swiftly flew,
They left no print of care behind,
And present bliss, ye gods, was all I knew!

But, now, on lazy leaden wings,
  The ling'ring moments move,
While each inflicts a thousand stings,
And all the hapless cause is love!

MYRTILLA, in the merry dance,
  First met my wond'ring raptur'd sight;
I press'd her hand, she gave a glance,
'Twas softness all, and I was all delight.

But, when I told the beauteous maid,
  With anxious hope, my faithful flame,
My tender ardour she repaid
With nought but frigid friendship's empty name.

E'en now, for pity plead in vain
  My trembling limbs, my languid eyes;
The cruel maid enjoys my pain,
And triumphs while her hapless lover dies!

For the Pastime.

INTEGRITY.

Happy the breast which feels no guilty joy,
  Nor tastes the pleasures won by smooth deceit,
Which knows, each precious moment to employ,
  In something which is truly good, or great.

Pale Envy, then, may breathe her deadly sighs,
  Or Scandal's blasting influence diffuse,
Secure the soul of Innocence shall rise,
  Nor devils harm, what falsely they accuse.

For the Pastime.

BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Taught the first duties, to *obey* and *love*,
She's gone to *act* them in the *realms above*.

TO A NOBLEMAN, WHO BOASTED OF THE FACILITY WITH WHICH HE WROTE POETRY.

You write with ease, to shew your breeding—
But easy writing's damn'd hard reading!

Selected Poetry.

ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

Come hither, Sir John; my picture is here,
What think you, my love—don't it strike you?
I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you!

THE WINTER'S NIGHT—BY THOMAS DERMODY.

The surly Demons of the Tempest yell,
The frozen ground rings sullen on the ear,
Night breathes her cold sighs o'er the shivering dell,
And sheeted horror leagues with wan cheeked fear.
No more spring's smiling babes, the roses rear
Their blushing heads, but bid a long farewell;
No more the balmy eyelids of the morn,
Awake green-tressed summer from her cell.
With crystal spangles doth she now adorn
Her bosom pale, and chill, and weeps her withering thorn

Terrific darkness cloaths the baleful heath,
While dread's black legions lift her awful veil,
Gigantic terror calls the fiend of death,
And bids the elves their dismal scenes reveal
To the tranc'd traveller's eye, whose heart strings feel
The horrid shock, and blasted, tear asunder
The forked lightnings round his forehead dance,
Grim howls the flame rob'd power, that sways the thunder,
He sinks, he dies, the torturing cries advance,
Ne'er shall his children catch their father's sprighty g ale,

Ah me! what now awaits the shuddering wretch,
Who hugs her orphan infant to her breast;
Beneath some ruined castle's yawning breach,
Hark! the winds whistle o'er the hapless guest,
The shattered walls rock tottering—sprites unblest,
O, spare the meek eyed mourner—Angels catch
The fallen rock, arrest the sudden death,
Celestial comfort's soft elixir fetch.
Lo! now, even now, she pours her last sad breath,
The frighted darling clings, and grasps, and falls beneath.

Fell winter, tyrant of the blooming year,
Nature's harsh stepsire, mirth's Cimmerian foe,
Fly with thy ruffian blasts to cavern drear,
Nor may the lovely woodlands vernal blow,
Thou and thy Ravens shriek the dirge of woe,
In Lapland's haggard waste the rude rocks tear,
And hurry huge fragments to the stagnant wave,
From some blank hill, where witching beldames stare,
But oh, Europa's flowry natives spare,
Zephyr alone his radiant wings shall wave,
And melting thaws serene unbind their icy grave.

☞ This number closes the present session and the FIRST VOLUME of the Pastime. Subscribers will shortly receive a title page and index.